DEVOTED TO AGRICULTURE, TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, AND EDUCATION.

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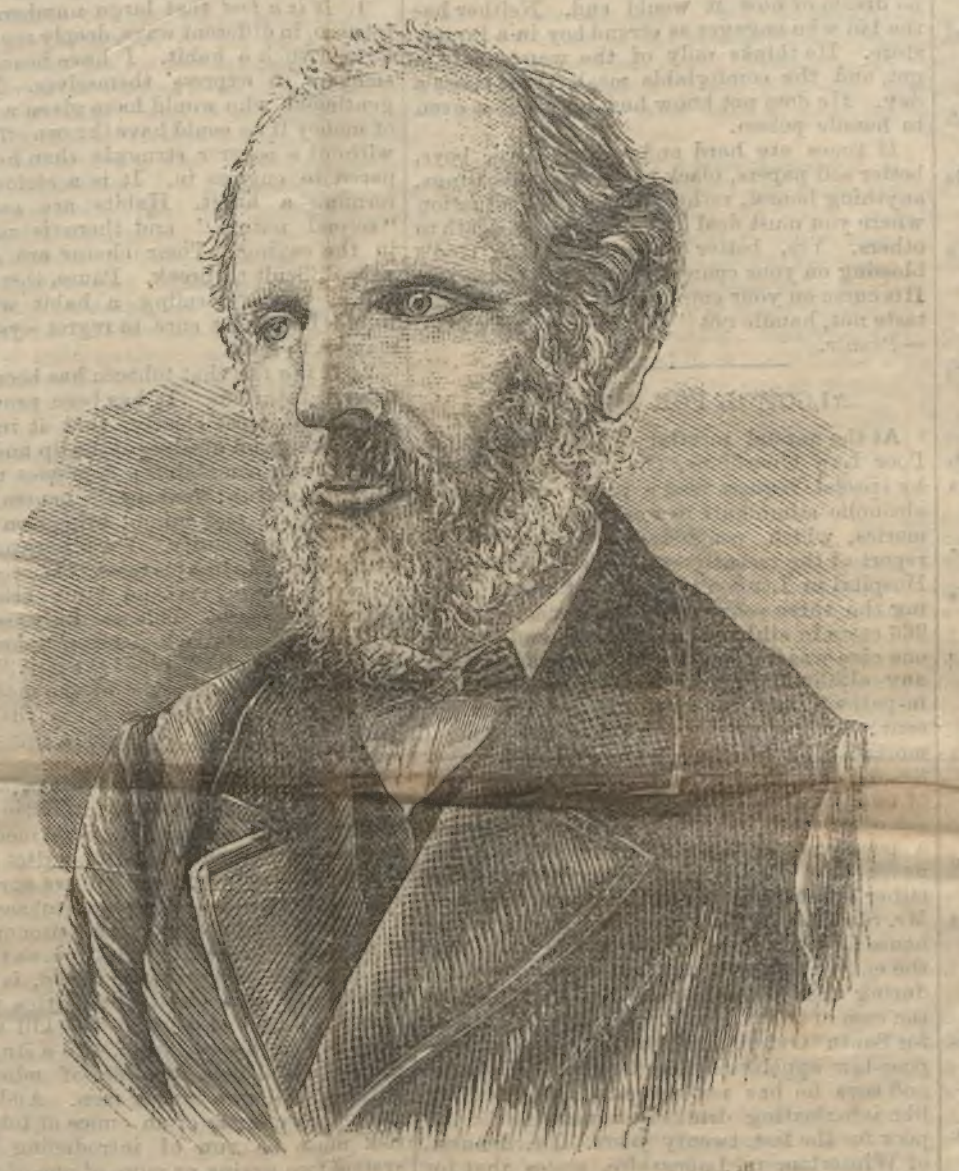
NOTICE.

Subscribers finding the figure 9 after their names will bear in mind that their term will expire at the end of the present month. Early remittances are desirable, as there is then no loss of any numbers by the stopping of the paper.

CHARLES HEAVYSEGE.

Amongst the foremost poets in America must rank Charles Heavysege, who died in Montreal, on July 14th last, at the age of sixty. Two of his poems, "Saul" and "Jephthah's Daughter," have for many years been recognized by literary men as amongst the standard works of the present age. Their author was born at Liverpool, in the year 1816. His father was a master cabinet-maker, and gave his children such an education as Englishmen in the middle classes of society then obtained. His parents were very strict in their religious views, his father considering that Shakespeare's works were injurious and should not be read. The son, however, having seen Macbeth acted, induced his mother to give him a small stipend weekly, till sufficient was saved to buy a copy of the great author's poems, which, when obtained, he read and studied all his life through. At an early age, he was apprenticed to a carver, and on learning the trade started in business for himself; but, having neither that tact nor business faculty necessary to successfully compete with the world, did not succeed very well, and on an invitation being extended to him by a gentleman in Montreal, came to this city in 1853, having married ten years previously. During the following nine years he composed his three principal works, "Saul," "Jephthah's Daughter," and "Count Filippo." The first edition of "Saul" was published in 1857, by Mr. Henry Rose, of Montreal, and at first met with a very cool reception from the public. But a copy chancing to fall into the hands of Nathaniel Hawthorne, then in England, he gave it into the hands of a writer of the *North British Review*, with a few commendatory words and the latter, recognizing the genius shown in the work, reviewed it in the highest terms of praise, considering it one of the most remarkable English poems ever written outside of England. Attention having been attracted to "Saul" in so public a manner, it became much enquired for, and soon the first edition was exhausted; and in answer to the demand, a second and third printed. "Count Filippo, or the Unequal Marriage," was published in 1860, and "Jephthah's Daughter," his most finished work, in 1864, although it was written several years previously. Mr. Heavysege had, in 1862, exchanged his trade for a position on the newspaper press, first being engaged on the Montreal *Transcript* and afterward on the Montreal *Witness*. But this change, instead of stimulating his energies to greater efforts, as his friends had hoped, had a totally different effect. The unremitting attention required to faithfully perform his journalistic duties left him not a moment for those pursuits more congenial to him. When engaged as a carver, he could think and dream over his poetic imaginations, even during the hours of his daily occupation; and late at night and early in the morning he might have been seen polishing those thoughts which had been the subject in his mind during the day. Even during the hours supposed to be devoted to rest, some thought would enter his mind, and he would rise from his bed to perpetuate it by committing it roughly to paper, which he technically termed "roughing it in." About two years ago, his health failing, he retired from the newspaper work, and began anew to direct his attention to poetry. Shortly before his death, he began to revise "Count Filippo," which he desired to leave perfect, but before he had fairly begun, the days of his labor on earth had come to an end, and he had obtained a perfect knowledge of the mysteries longed for in the following sonnet, one of his earliest writings:—

How great unto the living seem the dead!
How sacred, solemn, how heroic grown;
How vast and vague, as they obscurely tread
The shadowy confines of the dim unknown!
For they have met the monster that we dread,
Have learned the secret not to mortal shown.
E'en as gigantic shadows on the wall
The spirit of the daunted child amaze,
So on us thoughts of the departed fall,
And with phantasma fill our gloomy gaze.
Awe and deep wonder lend the living lines,
And hope and ecstasy the borrowed beams;
While fitful fancy the full form divines,
And all is what imagination dreams.



CHARLES HEAVYSEGE.

OF GYMNASTICS.

Gymnastics played a very important part in the education of the ancients, especially among the Greeks and Romans. The men of those days were consequently more robust and better formed than they generally are to-day.

It is acknowledged that the bodily organism is strengthened by the even exercise of all the parts that compose it. The muscles are thereby increased in size, strength and suppleness, the bony frame becomes more solid and fits itself more easily to all movements of the body; digestion and assimilation are active, the blood becomes richer, and carries to all parts of the body fuller life and gives a vigor to the mind which facilitates the development of the mental faculties. *Mens sana in corpore sano.*

We hence see the importance of gymnastics in education, and the urgency that exists of giving them an important place if we wish to form robust bodies and healthy minds.

I conceive that it is hardly possible, at least with our present system, to introduce gymnastics into our primary schools. I think, however, that we should, as much as possible, make the children take some exercise, something that would tend to develop their physical forces and agility. But where gymnastics are indispensable is in our boarding-schools, in which children pass from eight to ten years of their life precisely at the time when their physical and mental organization is being formed. They are obliged to remain seated on a bench during long hours, nearly immovable. How can we expect that at this age, when everything in our nature tends to movement and activity, a similar proceeding should not enfeeble the child if we do not supplement this prolonged repose of the whole system by well ordered exercise, tending to develop and increase their physical strength?

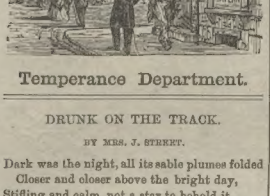
I am aware that at the present day, somewhat more attention is bestowed upon this important subject; still much remains to be done, and I cannot too strongly urge upon the persons who control our educational establishments, to follow the course which nature itself points out. I say the persons in control, whether male or female, for gymnastic exercises are as essential to woman as to man.

There is no doubt that the numerous cases of pulmonary diseases and dyspepsia, which we meet with every day, are largely due to the fact, that in youth no attention has been paid to the forming of our organism after a normal manner.

In Europe, the most celebrated physicians, and all persons who are occupied with the well-being of humanity, supported by governments and by public opinion, have in many instances succeeded in introducing gymnastic exercises into schools, even into elementary ones. The good effects of the system will undoubtedly not fail to make themselves apparent on the public health, by rendering each better fitted for the state of life to which he is called.

Let us endeavor as soon as possible to follow the good example shown us in this respect by the Old World.—*From the Annual Report of C. B. DeBoucherville, Minister Pub. Inst.*

BIBLES AT CHURCH.—We remember once being greatly interested in a service which we attended in Scotland. It was an ordinary service on Sunday afternoon. The church was a plain one, with galleries. We went early, and the sexton gave us a seat where we could see the whole congregation. About fifteen or twenty minutes before the time to commence the services, the people came pouring in in large numbers, and soon the building was filled in every part. There did not seem to be a single vacant seat. We were greatly surprised to see so many children, and at first thought the service was specially for the children. But it was not so. It was the regular afternoon service. We were pleased to see that the children sat with their parents, and not up in a gallery by themselves. For some minutes before the services commenced the people were all present and very quiet. Many were reading their Bibles. We noticed that all, old and young, had small Bibles. In due time the minister commenced. It was as it should be. The people were all ready—no coming in after that. The entire congregation of some twelve hundred persons united heartily in the services. It was almost amusing, certainly deeply interesting, to see the children—each holding his book—and to hear the little piping voices as they mingled with those of the grown people in the services. When the sermon came, all had their Bibles open and ready to read the text, and also to turn to any passages the preacher might call their attention to. The whole service lasted about an hour and a quarter, and throughout the interest was kept up—nobody seemed to be weary.—*Exchange.*



Temperance Department.

DRUNK ON THE TRACK.

BY MRS. J. STREET.

Dark was the night, all its sable plumes folded
Closer and closer above the bright day,
Stifling and calm, not a star to behold it,
Drear as the soul whence all hopes slip away.

Hark! on the dull air a martial strain sounding;
Sudden and loud on the silence it breaks,
Through our whole being its music resounding,
Yet what deep sadness its throbbing awakes.

Yes, 'tis the death march, the drum's muffled rolling,
The silvery echoes of bugle and fife;
The tramp of the soldiers, the crowd its breath holding,
All tell us a brother has passed from this life.

Passed from this life? Yes, you say, but the glory
Thus to lie down on the pillow of fame!
Weave we the veteran's deeds in fond story,
Wreathe with the laurel a crown round his name.

Died at his post, or when long years had slidden,
Wrapped his hoar hair like a vail o'er his face,
Watching and waiting the Master's low bidding,
Then took the lone journey, a crown to his race?

Ah, 'twas not thus! O the gloom and the glory!
How we long for them to cover our dead
Deep in shade! Alas, that my story
Only the gloom o'er its pages may shed.

Night; when the weary are wrapped in sweet slumber,
When heaven's tender fleeces drop down their soft dew,—
Earth's resting hour, whence morns without number,
Wake into beauty as changeful as new;

Night! yet what rocks it, or cloudy or star-bright?
Rushes the train on its perilous way;
In the dim distance its red eye with fierce light
Glares thro' the darkness, like hawk on its prey.

Hark! the shrill whistle that screams its hoarse warning
To the lone roadways that echo it back:
Haste, traveller, haste, would you scape from all harming,
Haste for your life. Clear the track! clear the track!

A watcher comes with it, long used to the glooming;
He peers thro' it now. Ah! how fixed grows his stare:
On, on with the breaks, 'tis a man or a woman,
He shouts to his comrades, Quick, lying just there!

Too late, all too late: with a roar and a shiver,
It's hot breath upspringing, it bounds on its prey.
Ah me, what a sight, where strong men like babes quiver;
O God! what a sight for thy beautiful day!

A gory and mangled and agonized body,
Which lately of vigor and health had no lack;
Ere another sun setting this verdict begetting,
Of shame and of anguish, "Drunk on the Track."

A WINE-TASTER.

A gentleman who had once been a member of the legislature came to New York to fill a place in the Custom-house. One part of his business was to taste the samples of liquors which passed through his hands. By degrees a taste for drink grew upon him, and he drank largely and deeply. He soon lost his situation, and went rapidly down from bad to worse. If he could have gone down in his wretchedness alone, it would have been sad enough; but not half so sad as to take with him a lovely, talented wife, who had once been an ornament in the circle in which she moved, and a little daughter he had once loved so fondly. But every drinking man is almost sure to bring misery on half a dozen others, at a low average.

This former senator took with him to a single room of a wretched tenement-house his poor wife and child, and then one day, in a frantic mood which rum had caused, he felled to the floor and left nearly lifeless the wife who had clung to him through all his degradation. He was seized by two policemen and dragged away to prison.

What a downfall of a man once talented, well educated, and manly, and all through *tasting* strong drink! When he began, he had no dream of how it would end. Neither has the lad who engages as errand boy in a liquor-store. He thinks only of the wages he is to get, and the comfortable meals three times a day. He does not know how unsafe it is even to handle poison.

If times are hard and work scarce, boys, better sell papers, black boots, sweep crossings, anything honest, rather than take a situation where you must deal out draughts of death to others. Yes, better starvation, with God's blessing on your course, than a full purse and His curse on your employment. "Touch not, taste not, handle not" is the only safe motto.—*Banner.*

ALCOHOL FOR THE SICK.

At the annual meeting of the Metropolitan Poor Law Guardians, Dr. Norman S. Kerr, by special request read a paper on the use of alcoholic stimulants in workhouses and infirmaries, which concludes as follows.—The report of the recently-established Temperance Hospital in London is worthy of note. During the three years of its existence, over 3,266 cases in all have been treated, and in only one case was it deemed advisable to administer any alcoholic liquor. There have been 325 in-patients, and the mortality has been 6 per cent. which is very much below the general mortality of hospitals. Dr. Benjamin Collenette, of Guernsey, has attended the patients of two large hospitals (one in the town and the other in the country), and the paupers of a populous parish for thirty years, and has never once found it necessary to prescribe either spirituous, vinous, or malt beverages. Mr. Simson, of Tavistock, has been a workhouse medical officer for thirty-four years, and the entire cost of stimulants ordered by him during that whole period has amounted to the sum of half-a-crown. Mr. Dixon, coroner for South Oxfordshire, has held an out-door poor-law appointment for twenty-eight years, and says he has not recommended anything like intoxicating drinks as a medicine for the poor for the last twenty years. Mr. Bennett, of Winterton, in Lancashire, states that for forty-one years he has used no alcoholic liquor in his treatment of disease; and that in a serious epidemic of typhoid fever he treated 500 cases with a mortality of only four per cent. Amongst other parochial medical officers who extensively adopted the non-alcoholic system, and expressed the greatest satisfaction with the results, I may mention the names of the late Dr. Morgan, of Dublin, and the late Mr. Fothergill, of Darlington.

My own experience has convinced me that, in the ordinary treatment of the sick poor, alcoholic liquors of every description are quite unnecessary. I administer none, though I have a very large number of cases under my immediate care. Altogether I have the record of over 14,000 cases of disease, of nearly every kind, that have been treated without the aid of any alcoholic drinks, and every day's additional experience confirms the estimate I have long since made of the utter valuelessness of alcoholic medication. In the ordinary treatment of disease, I have never known the administration of alcoholic liquors to have the slightest beneficial effect; but I have often seen it accelerate disease and retard convalescence. For fifteen years I have been of the opinion expressed but lately by that distinguished physiologist and physician, Dr. B. W. Richardson. "As to the general use of alcohol in disease, he was open to say that every form of disease could be better treated without alcohol than with it."

And here I must appeal to my medical brethren in the poor law service. I have submitted a body of evidence which, it seems to me, is worthy of your most careful consideration, and I would most earnestly call upon you to give the non-alcoholic treatment a fair, free, and patient trial, in the confident anticipation that you will abide gladly by the issue, whatever the result of the experiment may be.

Whilst Dr. Kerr was reading his paper, the Chairman asked him in what cases—exceptional cases—he (Dr. Kerr) would be disposed to administer alcoholic stimulants?

Dr. Kerr replied that he would never think of giving a drop of brandy, provided such remedies as ammonia, beef tea, and Liebsigs extract of meat were to be had, and they might always be kept on hand at workhouse and infirmaries.

TOBACCO-SMOKING.

BY REV. R. HOLMES, AUTHOR OF "LIVE AND LET LIVE."

I beg as a favcr, that young men and boys who do not smoke will read carefully what I am now writing. You have not yet used tobacco. Perhaps you do not intend to do so; but the practice is so common, that you are in danger of being enticed to try if you cannot manage a pipe or a cigar. If you could, you will be told, it would be something rather clever and to be talked about. Before you yield, ponder carefully the following statements, not made before being well considered.

1. *It is a fact* that large numbers who use tobacco, in different ways, deeply regret having formed such a habit. I have heard scores of smokers so express themselves. I knew a gentleman who would have given a large sum of money if he could have thrown off the habit, without a severer struggle than he was prepared to engage in. It is a serious matter, forming a habit. Habits are said to be "second nature," and there is much truth in the saying. Their chains are sometimes very difficult to break. Pause, therefore, and think, before forming a habit which you would be almost sure to regret—yes, even, it may be, to hate.

2. *It is a fact* that tobacco has been found to be very injurious. It has been proved again and again, most clearly, that it injures the eyes; brings on diseases of the lip and tongue; causes heart complaints; depresses most fearfully the spirits; weakens the general strength of both body and mind; brings on fits, and even leads to insanity. I was once acquainted with a man who lost his reason entirely through injury to his nerves and brain arising from the use of tobacco. This was fully ascertained. I heard him say, when being taken to the asylum, "It's all the pipe! the pipe!" Medical men know this, and some of the most learned and skilful in the profession say that tobacco is a poison, more or less than a *poison*. This, to some of you, may sound strange. It may be altogether new, indeed. A writer in the *Dublin University Magazine*, referring to the subject, and to the opinion of the medical profession and eminent chemists, writes: "So far there is no controversy. All are agreed as to the deadly nature of the plant (tobacco plant). There is no dispute as to the poisonous action of *nicotine*." Again: "Nicotine, as the essential principle of tobacco is called, is a liquid alkaloid of such deadly properties that less than the tenth of a grain will kill a middle-sized dog in three minutes. In a single cigar there is sufficient nicotine, if administered pure, to kill two strong men. And thus, in smoking a quarter of an ounce of tobacco, the risk must be run of introducting into the system two grains or more of one of the most subtle of all known poisons." Think of that. Of course it does not operate as quickly, as it is usually taken, as some poisons. But it *does* operate in time, to the injury of all who use it, in a greater or less degree. Therefore beware.

3. *It is a fact* that the practice of using tobacco is a very expensive one: much more expensive, I have no doubt, than you are aware of. Indeed, the money wasted in this way, when we set ourselves to reckon it up in a few instances, is seen to amount to something almost surpassing belief. It is so, because it is a constant waste of money in small sums, in most cases. We are apt not to think much of what goes in the shape of "coppers:" but, when it is a constant "drop," in years it amounts to much more than we supposed was being spent. I knew a poor man in a work-house, who was seventy-nine years of age when I saw him last. He had been what is considered a moderate smoker fifty-five years. His tobacco had cost him, on an average, a shilling a week. In fifty years his habit, from which he had not derived the slightest real benefit, had cost him £130. How useful that to a poor man! Had it been taken care of, in place of being wasted in that way, it would have saved him from the workhouse. And is it not probable there are thousands of such cases?

But many spend much more than a shilling a week on tobacco. If *you* form a habit, it may cost you a larger sum. And more, your love of it may become so strong as to interfere with the discharge of high and holy duties. It is not improbable that the cost of tobacco diverts money from religious purposes. Indeed I am certain it does. Read the following:—

About two years ago, the pastor of a Non-conformist church waited upon a young man, one of his members, who was a clerk in a merchant's office, to solicit a small weekly contribution for a specific object, to extend over a period of twelve months. The substance of the reply he received was this:

"Well sir, I highly approve of the object you have named to me. It is a most worthy one. But the fact is, I cannot do anything. I am just now situated thus: I allow myself about four shillings a week for odds and ends, that is, for collections at chapel, my tobacco, daily paper, and any little penny claim that may cross my path. In this way it all goes, and I cannot spare myself any more."

"I see," the minister said. "Now what may your tobacco cost you? Pardon me."

"All right, sir," he answered. "Don't apologize. I see what you are at. I'm ashamed to say it costs me, including a cigar now and then, not less than two shillings a week. Now I've a notion what you'll say—at least, what you're thinking. It is, that if I would give up my tobacco, I should be able to contribute two shillings more a week to the cause of religion. Quite true, I should. And I wish I could give that more. And I could, if it was not for the weed. It stands in the way. To that extent it robs God. I wish it did not. I should be delighted if I could easily give it up. Never begin to smoke, sir. It is smoke, and nothing else. But don't judge me uncharitably. I'm not alone in this. I know many good people who would be able, and also sure, to put more than they do into the treasury of the church, if they could bring themselves to abandon the use of tobacco. You see it swallows up a large part of their loose cash." Undoubtedly it does.

4. *It is a fact* that smoking often leads to drinking, to loose companionships, and the frequenting of places which all young people should be most careful to shun. There is not much solitary smoking from choice. Company, I suppose, gives zest to the pipe. And few will deny that it often leads to the glass. From the one to the other has been found a short path, soon and easily travelled. Nor is this surprising, as its tendency is to induce or cause a thirst and longing for stimulants. In this way, double expense and double danger to health and life are incurred. Suffer a few words of warning here. I will suppose you are a member of a Christian church, or an abstainer from all intoxicating drinks, and that you stand well in society and wish to continue to do so. Avoid, then, the pipe. Not doing so, you will be in danger. It has been a snare to thousands. A well-known temperance advocate writes: "I have known members of churches break the pledge, but it has nearly always been the case that such have been smokers, and have blamed the pipe for it. So far as I have observed, more members of our temperance societies fall from being caught in this snare, than in any other.'

A few years ago, a promising young man left a Nonconformist college, and very soon disappointed the hopes of his friends, and saddened the hearts of his relatives, by his fall. He frankly attributed the sad calamity, when spoken to about it, to being induced by his love of tobacco to join himself to a company of smokers and enticed to take the glass. His mistake was altogether unpremeditated, and the consequences came upon him as a swift and terrible surprise. I have known many bright prospects darkened by habits to which young men have been led by the pipe.

5. *It is a fact* that the use of tobacco is becoming more and more uncommon in good company, and is highly disapproved of by persons of cleanly habits, as an offensive and repulsive practice. It is beginning to be a custom in large and respectable houses not to allow it at all. And this will most certainly extend, as the impression is gaining ground amongst this class that the use of tobacco is mischievous, especially in the case of young men and boys. And the impression appears to be justified by facts. An eminent minister in London long ago remarked, "As a statistical fact, ninety per cent. of the smoking young men are irreligious." Another declared, some years ago, "The first cigar a young man puts into his mouth, is often his first step in a career of vice." No doubt of it.

6. *It is a fact* that most sensible men, even many who themselves so use tobacco, because they imagine they cannot get loose from the fetters of the habit, condemn the formation of such a habit by the young. I have heard such say something very much like the following, when speaking to young people on the subject:

"If you have not begun to smoke, do not do so. It will not do you one bit of good. It is an expensive habit, an injurious habit, a dangerous habit, and not at all a clean one."

This is what many smokers are quite ready to admit. And they are right, only very inconsistent. Think of these six *facts*, and let your resolve be that you will not use tobacco in any form. Let your motto be, in the presence of all temptations—I WILL NOT YIELD.—*Band of Hope Review.*

LIGHTNING ATTRACTIONS.

The numerous casualties by lightning strokes this season have attracted popular attention. The total number for the year may not exceed the average, but it seems larger than usual because chiefly concentrated within a few days. Long spells of hot weather are apt to be diversified by thunder-showers, and there have been in other years frequent instances where for a week or two each day of oppressive heat would close with a brief, sharp rainfall and considerable electric display. But the three weeks of hot weather we recently experienced were singularly free from thunder-showers till toward their close; and then there was lightning enough, all at once, to have served for several ordinary occasions. Exactly why hot weather is apt to be followed by showers with lightning has never been fully explained. A scientific theory was long ago broached, and ably supported, that attributed the disturbance of electrical equipoise to the same cause as that which brings the summer shower, the process of evaporation from the land and sea. But more careful research afterward told against the explanation. It is not clear why the transfer of moisture to the sky should make any change in electrical conditions, unless, so said the scientific authorities, there was a chemical as well as a mechanical change. In fact, while immense progress has been made both in theory and in practical application as to electricity, our knowledge concerning the lightning of the sky is comparatively little advanced since the day when *Eripuit cælo fulmen, sceptrumque tyrannis* was written of Benjamin Franklin.

Another unusual freak of recent lightning is the number of strokes in large cities. As a rule, trees and buildings that stand alone, especially on high ground or in open country, are most exposed to this danger; where there are many houses or trees together, the thunder is less likely to fall. Cities enjoy greater immunity also because they are plentifully supplied with good electrical conductors, such as metal roofs and the leaders from them; the net work of rails upon the streets and of pipes beneath them; and we may add, though it is no excuse for keeping them there, the telegraph posts and wires that disfigure our thoroughfares. All such things draw electricity from hovering clouds, but draw it silently, and it passes without shock. This is also the business of a good lightning-rod. Most people imagine that a lightning-rod is to attract and carry down lightning, as such. A rod may have to do this once in a great while; but in nineteen cases out of twenty it ought to be employed during a thunder-shower in removing surplus electricity from the clouds, so that there will be no lightning stroke. Want of correct ideas about this has caused many persons to object to lightning-rods altogether, for fear that the rod would draw lightning.

We published at the time of their issue, a few years ago, in the *Tribune*, a summary of the statistics furnished by a German insurance company that makes a specialty of risks from lightning. They showed very conclusively that the risk to buildings was least where the protection by lightning-rods was greatest, and *vice versa*. A similar result was reached in England in the protection of telegraph poles by lightning-rods. The efficacy of the rod depends, however, upon certain well-known conditions, such as that its parts are well-lapped and welded; its points are bright; its thickness is sufficient for the roof-space it is to protect; and that it terminates in a large mass of moist earth, or metal. Some of these matters are apt to be neglected by unscrupulous vendors of "patent" rods. Ours is not, however, the only country where frauds in lightning-rods are executed. Quite recently one of the most celebrated observatories in Italy was struck by lightning, the chief damage accruing to the rod. Its platinum points were melted. Now platinum does not melt readily, even in the fervid heat of the electric arc. So an examination was ordered, and it was found that the platinum points had contained a large percentage of lead.

But to return to our own recent thunder-showers. They each provided from three or four to half a dozen or more lightning strokes in several cities. Few of these did serious damage, though occasioning great alarm, as in the case of the Insane Asylum on Blackwell's Island, and the building near the Reservoir at Albany, where the policemen were assembled. Primarily we may account for the number of strokes in cities as elsewhere, by the extraordinarily heavy charge of electricity that was present during the shower, as displayed in the rapidity, number and continuance of blinding flashes. But there was probably a secondary cause in the unusual number of tall flagstaffs that had been erected on the roofs of city buildings. Flagstaffs, especially when wet, make fair conductors, as far as they go; they stop just short enough to be likely to bring lightning to a point where it can do the most damage. By a good fortune which was scarcely merited, it appears that in the majority of these instances, the greater part of the destructive force was expended on the flagstaffs. They were not riven or blown to shreds as trees sometimes are, when all the sap within is turned into steam by a lightning stroke; but what was left of them was so wrenched and broken that they will never serve for another Fourth of July.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Dangerous Soap.—We have remarked of late the introduction into the market, under high-sounding names, of various strong potash combinations, intended for laundry and cleansing purposes. One of these preparations, which appears to contain more caustic potash than any other ingredient, lately caused the death of a child who accidentally ate some of it; and we have found the same stuff strong enough to remove old hard paint from wood work when merely wetted by the same and allowed to rest thereon for perhaps an hour or two. We advise our readers to let such preparations severely alone; they are ruinous, to clothes, and, except to cleanse kitchen floors or other grease-soaked places, should not be used. Even the ordinary low grade soaps are heavily charged with soda and impurities, which, the manufacturers say, they are obliged to add, in order to hold their own with fraudulent dealers who adulterate still more heavily; and these soaps are also highly destructive to fabrics. It is much better economy to purchase a good quality, even a superior quality, of white soap for household purposes; for the extra cost of the soap will in the end, be more than saved in the lessened wear of clothes or oil-cloths, and of paint. It is hardly necessary to add that strong alkali soaps should never be used on the skin, as their effect is corrosive and harmful. The object of using soap for the toilet is simply to overcome the natural oil which exudes from the body, and render it possible for the water to combine therewith; and a very little of the soap is ample for this purpose.—*Scientific American.*

Where The "Spelling Reform" Would Take us.—It would be easy to have a new and improved method of spelling if all people who speak English could agree upon one method of pronouncing every word. Let us suppose, for example, that "historical orthography" were discarded, and a philosophical orthography commenced upon its ruins. How would "horse" be spelled? It is certain that it would have no "r" in it in Virginia, where not one person in a dozen ever uses an "r" in that or any similar word. How would "tomatoes" be spelled? In one place "tomahtoz," say in New England; but in Virginia exactly the same pronunciation would call for the spelling "tormartaz," the "r" in such positions in this State being always on an "h." In another locality it would be spelled "tomaytoz." In another "tomattoz." And soon shading off into a hundred differently spelled words. These are but illustrations; but they show how the scheme would work. In a hundred years there would be no two States of the Union which could understand each other's written language.—*Richmond Dispatch.*

Beware of Opiates.—In order to induce natural and healthful sleep such methods are to be adopted as will abstract an excess of blood from the brain. This may be accomplished by exercise, which draws off the blood to the more weary organs; while a well-ordered digestion demands the blood that keeps the brain in too great activity for the stomach, where it is needed. To sleep well, too, according to Dr. Ferrier, one must, if possible, rid himself of all care, anxiety and disturbing thoughts as the natural season of repose approaches. A brisk walk toward the close of the day, and when the brain has been overtasked, is commended to us. But Dr. Ferrier warns us, and it were well if he could be heard everywhere and heeded, from opiates as "dangerous ground." They do not produce sleep so much as torpor. If you cannot get sleep by methods which nature itself dictates, he says, it is full time to call in the family doctor.

A Word to The Girls.—It is a great wonder to grown folks how slim girls can make so much noise as they do. They don't walk, they *pound*, as if their business was to wear out carpets. Girls are forever talking about being stylish and genteel, and worrying about an inch or two in the width of their trimmings, or the shape of their hats, as if their standing depended on such things entirely, while they are as coarse and common as can be in their manner of carrying themselves. It is always to be desired that your clothes should be fresh and pretty, but it is of much more consequence that your bodies should be nice, and well trained in their movement. The dress may be something you can't help, but the body and the manner is yours—to be a credit or discredit, as it happens.—*Wide Awake.*

Grass in India-Rubber.—At a meeting of the Asiatic Society of Bengal, in Calcutta, says *Chambers' Journal*, a piece of telegraph cable was exhibited, showing that the india-rubber covering had been pierced by grass. The piercing was so complete, and the contact of the grass with the copper ore so perfect, that "dead earth," as it is technically called, was produced and the efficiency of the cable destroyed. The species of the grass, owing to its dried-up condition, could not be determined. It was suggested as a probable explanation "that the seeds had become attached to the core when under water, and had afterward germinated when the core was stored."

Physical Development.—There is nothing of such transcendent importance to a race or nation as *physical stamina*—strong, vigorous, healthy constitutions. How did the Germans, in the late war, gain such signal victories over the French? Why do that people now stand at the head of all the European nations in power and statesmanship? Why do the Germans take the lead at the present time in the cultivation of the sciences, and in almost every department of literature? Is it not owing to their grand *physique* more than to anything else?—*Dr. Allen's Address.*

— Dr. R. Southey, in a lecture reported in the *Lancet*, remarks: "Health and longevity are not synonymous; neither are health and great muscularity. The most muscular men, great prize-fighters, men who could fell an ox with their fists, have been known to be always ailing and complaining about themselves. The state of perfect training, regarded by those who know little of it as a condition of most perfect health, is rather one of morbid imminence. Longevity, like height, is a race attribute, but it does not signify health. The three oldest people I ever knew, women who reached respectively eighty-nine, ninety-eight, and a hundred, were valetudinarians, and had been so nearly all their lives."

— Portions of snow were severally placed by Carter, under precisely similar conditions, in an ordinary glass goblet, in one with double sides, and in another with double sides and silvered. It was found that the times required for melting were respectively as one, three, and ten—a fact explained by the non-conducting character of the inclosed air in the second case, and by the superadded reflecting power of the silvered surface in the third. It is suggested, therefore, that double-walled silvered goblets might be found especially adapted for ice-cream, &c.

— Hollow, iron window-shutters, designed to be partially filled with water as a protection against fire, are soon to come in use. On exposure to fire without or within the building, it is estimated that the thin sheet of water held in the shutters will tend to absorb the heat without injury to the iron. A small hole is made at the top of each shutter to allow for the escape of the excess of water caused by expansion.

— Peanut oil, first made in the South during the war, is now in large demand. It supplies the place of almond and olive oil for various uses, and is lower in price, retains its purity and flavor for a longer time, and is less susceptible to the effect of light than olive oil. The oil is extracted entirely from the meat of the nut by pressure, the refuse being used as cattle feed or a fertilizer.

DOMESTIC.

—The bane of our nurseries is punch and other like drinks for the mother, and soothing-syrups for the child. The alcoholic habit and the opium habit may both be formed in a child before it is old enough to talk. It often drinks in poison from what should be the purest fountain in the world, its mother's breast. Whatever manufacturers may say, the potent constituent of all soothing-syrups is opium in some one of its forms. This has again and again been proved by chemical analysis, from which there is no appeal.

To Cleanse a Sponge.—Put a little powdered carbonate of ammonia in water and lay the sponge in it for a few days, and it will be well cleaned.

Macaroni.—Put one pound macaroni to three pints beef soup; add a little salt; boil fifteen minutes. By that time the macaroni should have taken up all the soup. Take it up, lay on a dish or flat plate, sprinkle grated cheese thickly over it, and pour over all some well-boiled tomatoes strained and seasoned with salt and pepper. Put it in the oven to heat all well together, then serve. Some prefer without the tomatoes, but this is the true Italian way.

Fruit Pudding.—Make a crust in the proportion of four ounces of suet to six of flour, a pinch of salt, and water to make a stiff paste, roll it out thin before putting into a buttered basin, then add the fruit mixed with sugar, except in the case of apples, which are sometimes hardened by boiling with sugar, put on a lid of paste, and boil the pudding an hour and a half. Care should be taken to roll the crust thin, in order to get as much fruit as possible into the pudding.

Cleaning an Oven.—To clean an oven, follow these directions: After the fire is out, and the oven is slightly warm, take a large basin of water as hot as you can bear it, and in which an ounce of soda has been dissolved, and, with a clean flannel, thoroughly wash it out. Thus you will remove the burnt fat that gives to dishes an unpleasant taste. Do this twice a week. It is not only essential to see that an oven is well heated, but that it is also kept quite clean. Nothing would taste o the oven were the oven as it ought to be.

Marble Cake.—*White Part*—Whites of four eggs, one cup white sugar, half cup of butter, half cup sweet milk, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one teaspoonful of vanilla or lemon, and two and a half cups of sifted flour. *Black Part*—Yolks of four eggs, one cup brown sugar, half cup molasses, half cup butter, half cup sour milk, one teaspoonful cloves, one teaspoonful cinnamon, one teaspoonful mace, one nutmeg, one teaspoonful soda, and one and a half cups sifted flour. Put it in the cake-dish alternately, first one part and then the other. Tin should be lined with buttered paper.

Jelly Cake.—Beat three eggs well, the whites and yolks separately; take a cup of fine white sugar and beat that in well with the yolks, and a cupful of sifted flour, stirred in gently; then stir in the whites, a little at a time, and a teaspoonful of baking powder and one tablespoonful of milk: pour it in three jelly-cake plates and bake from five to ten minutes in a well-heated oven, and when cold, spread with currant jelly, and place each layer on the top of the other, and sift powdered sugar on the top.

Cold Meat Pie.—Cut about three pounds of cold roast beef in slices, line the bottom of a pie-dish with it, put a layer of chopped onion, carrot, turnip, a small quantity of savory herbs, and a little seasoning between each layer of beef, and proceed in this way until the dish is nearly full, mash some potatoes, and spread them smoothly over the top; put it in the oven for about three quarters of an hour; a little water should be put in the bottom of the dish to prevent its burning. Cold leg of mutton may be sliced and served

Economical Breakfast Dish.—When there are only a few bits of meat, and two or three cold potatoes, put some well clarified "dripping" into a skillet, slice the potatoes, cut the meat fine, add salt and pepper to suit the taste. Beat three or four eggs, according to the quantity of meat on hand and the number of the family. If eggs are not plenty use fewer, and add instead half a cup of cream. Beat eggs and milk together and pour over the meat and potatoes. Keep over the fire, constantly stirring till eggs are cooked. Do not leave it a moment, as the eggs and milk scorch easily and this would spoil the whole dish. Meat and potatoes prepared in this way are very palatable.

Sandwiches.—Chop one-fourth of a pound of cold pressed ham or tongue very fine; add a table-spoonful of chopped pickles, a teaspoonful of mustard and a little pepper. Put about six ounces of butter in a basin, and stir till it is like smooth cream. Then put to this the chopped meat and seasoning. Have your sandwich bread cut in thin slices, spread the meat over the bread evenly, but not very thick and lay over this, in spots here and there, the thinnest possible bits of cold veal, poultry, game, interspersed with occasional strips of fat; dust over a very little salt and pepper, and spread over this another slice of thin bread. When all your bread is thus made into sandwiches, trim the slices in whatever shape you please, but neat and tastefully. These are nice for pic-nics or parties, and will keep good, under cover in a cool place, from twelve to twenty-four hours.

A Nice Way to Cook a Turkey.—Clean a large, plump turkey, perfectly remove all the pin feathers, singe, wash thoroughly, and wipe very dry inside and out. Now stuff the turkey, leaving plenty of room for the stuffing to swell; sew up with a small, strong cord, or coarse thread. This done, cut with a sharp knife a dozen or more deep but not long gashes in all the fleshy parts. Press a good-sized, plump oyster into each cut as far in as you can; close the flesh over each oyster as much as can be done: draw the skin over tightly, and as far as possible cover up or hide each gash with the skin; sprinkle over a little flour some pepper and salt, and put a little into your dripping-pan, with some water. If you have a grate or bars in your pan to keep the meat from resting on the bottom of the pan, it is a great advantage. Baste the turkey often with its own drippings. Be sure and not scorch it, but bake to a clear, golden-brown.

BRAVE BOUSSARD, THE FAMOUS PILOT OF DIEPPE.

(From Chatterbox.)

M. de Crosne, Intendant of Rouen, informed the Minister of Finance, M. Necker, of Boussard's brave action; M. Necker acquainted the king (the good Louis XVI.) with the fact; and immediately, on receiving His Majesty's orders, wrote himself the following letter to the Pilot of Dieppe:—

"BRAVE MAN,

"I only heard yesterday, through M. l'Intendant, of the courageous action which you performed on the 31st August last, and yesterday I informed the king of it, who commanded me to testify to you his satisfaction for the same, and to announce to you from him that he makes you a present of 1,000 francs, and grants you a pension of 300 francs. Continue to help others whenever you can, and pray for your good king, who loves brave men and rewards them.

"NECKER,

"General Director of Finance.

"Paris, 20th Dec., 1777."

The contents of this letter soon became public at Dieppe. To the brave pilot it caused great joy, and he took care that it should be preserved as a precious heirloom in his family. The money which he received from all sides he employed to clothe his children better than his former needy circumstances had allowed him to do; moreover, he took two little orphan nieces into his house, and educated them with his own children. Another good use which he made of his money is best shown by quoting his own words: "During my poverty, it was always my greatest grief that I could not buy ropes and cords to save ships which were in danger. I always found a difficulty in borrowing them from others. In such cases they were sometimes broken or lost; I was then quite afraid to meet those who had lent them to me, because I had no money to replace them."

His fellow-townsmen came to congratulate him on the king's favor, and urged him to go to Paris to present himself to Louis XVI., to express his gratitude to His Majesty.

Boussard at last yielded to their wishes. He went to Versailles, where the king received him with great kindness, and repeated, with deep feeling, "There is a brave man! really a brave man!" Boussard, who only saw in the deed he had performed the duty of one man towards others, was astoished at the reward with which the prince had honored him. "I have done," he said, "many actions like this one; I don't know why my last should make so much noise. My comrades, too, are as brave as I am."

The brave man, faithful to the duties which he had imposed upon himself, continued still to watch the harbor and piers of Dieppe. The king had appointed him overseer of the lighthouse, and, besides, had caused a little house to be built for him close to the harbor, from which he had a view over the sea, and could at once perceive if a ship was in danger.

At the least appearance of a storm, or of any vessel in distress, Boussard, provided with ropes, would dash into the waves, and then steer the vessel into the harbor. If the fury of the sea was too great to allow him to steer the ship into safety, he seized the sailors or passengers and bore them to the shore.

In the course of the autumn of 1786, brave Boussard perceived, in the middle of the night, that a barque was founding at a little distance from the piers. Attracted by the cries of the unhappy crew, who were struggling in the waves, he threw ropes to them, and called to his help all those who were within hearing on the shore. The darkness was so great that he could not see those who were in danger. Boussard's son was among the six shipwrecked men. He was skilful enough to get hold of a rope which would quickly have helped him to the pier, but perceiving by his side an unfortunate lad of fourteen, whose strength was already exhausted, and who was allowing himself to be borne away by the waves, as a worthy son of the brave man he resolved, at the risk of his own life, to save him from danger. To succeed in this with greater certainty he passed the end of the rope under the lad's arms and then round his own thighs. This double burden caused it to break. A cry from the man on the pier who held the rope warned Boussard the elder of this accident; he promptly threw out another rope, which his son seized.

This intrepid young man was determined not to abandon the boy whom he had taken under his protection; he tied him again with a second rope, and was fortunate enough by the aid of his father in being able, thus bound as he was, to climb up to the jetty, more than eighteen feet above the sea.

Three others were at the same time rescued from the waves by the aid of Boussard's ropes.

Let us not omit to mention one of the fine traits of the sensitive soul of the brave man. Boussard thought less on this occasion of the rescue of the five shipwrecked men, among whom was his own son, than of the death of the sixth; and his friend had a deal of trouble to console him for a loss for which in some way he reproached himself.

This was not the first noble deed of younger Boussard, who associated himself henceforth with his father's glory, for in 1784 he had already saved the lives of four shipwrecked men. M. de Crosne, Intendant of Rouen, sent him a reward of 400 francs, and the Chamber of Commerce added to it a silver medal, as they had previously given a gold one to his father.

Since that day Boussard's

descendants have always been watchmen at the Dieppe Lighthouse. Scarcely a year has passed in which some one of them has not distinguished himself in saving a vessel or human lives.

On the parapet of the pier stands a post, firmly planted in the rock and plated with copper. To this post a chain is fixed. Since 1777, in every storm by day or night, a Boussard is lashed to this post. From hence he calls out, through his speaking-trumpet, his warnings and directions to the sailors who have to struggle with the storm and waves. And though sometimes the waves dash high over his head, the next moment the faithful watchman appears again, and his voice sounds about the roar of the storm and the raging of the sea. Since 1777 the townsmen of Dieppe enquire, when a ship or a man is to be saved, "Is there no Boussard there?" And as yet one has never failed. Nearly a century, therefore, has the race of the faithful pilot endured.—*In Chatterbox. J. F. C.*

MOTHER'S DARLING AND CLARA'S PET.

THE GRAND CARRIAGE DRIVE.

"Now, Miss Maud, as the morning is fine, suppose we go out for a drive. What was that you said, dear? You think it too cold; do you? I do not think it at all too cold, my dear. There is a fine bracing air, and we shall see a host of grand company. The wind will bring a nice color into your cheeks, and make them quite rosy for dinner. Stop, though! On second thought, as mother says, I had better prepare you for the weather, especially as you have not been out for two or three days. So we will put on this beautiful mantle which will keep you warm, if the air should be chilly. That's it! It fits you sweetly, my pretty. And now for the hood. Hold up your dear little chin. There, that's a *beautiful* bow I have made for you. And now, Miss Maud, looking at you altogether, I am prepared to say, there is not a prettier sight to be seen anywhere."

The young lady who took delight in thus soliloquizing was Clara North; and she would have been surprised indeed, if you had entered into an argument to prove that "Miss Maud" could not hear a word of her pretty speech. For the secret must be told that Miss Maud was only a grand new doll, and that the carriage in which she was seated, "just like a pretty princess," as Clara said, was only a handsome doll's perambulator. Nevertheless, that person would have been one of a very matter-of-fact kind, and one that Clara would not have cared to have reckoned amongst the number of her friends, who would have ruthlessly destroyed that beautiful little Wonder-world in which she delighted to live.

It had been a present on which Clara had long set her mind, and one that had not been given her by her excellent mother without due thought. For, the truth must be told, there was a time when our young friend, Clara North, was anything but the neat and attractive little person she looked, when she took Miss Maud out for a carriage drive.

"Mother," she said, one day, "I have seen to-day such a beautiful sight."

"What was that, my dear?"

"I have seen a doll dressed so sweetly, that I can hardly describe it to you."

Her mother was silent for a minute or two, during which time she looked at Clara, who this morning was more untidy in her appearance than usual.

"Was her hair all over her eyes, Clara, my dear," asked her mother presently without looking at her.

"Oh no, mother," said Clara, slightly coloring, and quietly putting back the hair which "*would* come down," she used to say.

"And I suppose her face and hands were beautifully clean, and fit to shake hands with the Queen, my dear?"

Clara said they were, but somehow, as she said the words, although her mamma was not looking at her, the words were somewhat faintly spoken, because she happened to catch a sight of her own hands, which were rather "grubby," to use one of her own expressive words.

"And I daresay her bow was beautifully tied unde the chin, and not under her ear, dear."

"Oh yes, mother," said Clara, more faintly; and presently, not able to bear this kind of examination any longer, she burst into tears. Mrs. North of course did not like to see this, and quietly soothed her.

"It is quite plain to me, my dear," she said presently, "that you, who admire neatness so much in others, have only to take a little thought and care, always to appear perfectly neat yourself. And I faithfully promise you that, when I see you improve, you shall have as pretty a doll, and as pretty a carriage for it, as father can buy."

"I am afraid it will be a long time, mother, before I have the doll then," said Clara, with a pretty little sigh.

"It need not be long, my dear," said Mrs. North encouragingly; "if you will try, I will help; that is a fair bargain, is it not?"

And so the bargain was made; and all will be pleased to learn that from that day forward, Clara began not only to admire neatness and prettiness in others, but paid such attention to her own appearance that in a very little while she had fairly won the handsome present which had been promised her. It was always pleasant to her mother to see that "Miss Maud" and Clara were so neatly dressed that they were "a lesson" to some young folks whose clothes, though of richer materials, never seemed to fit them, and never looked well, because they were thrown on without the slightest regard to neatness. Clara's "carriage drive" thus became useful to many who saw it, and perhaps it may give a hint to some who will read about it.—*British Workwoman.*

THE HOLY WELL AT OUGHTERARD.

In the lonely valleys of Connemara, close by the outer cliff, or Oughterard, lies a field long famed for the supposed virtues of its "Holy Well;"* and as I passed it one lovely summer evening, a curious scene presented itself.

The well was situated somewhere about the centre of the field; a few trees stooped over its hidden waters; and round it was a stony space, over which a number of people were passing on their knees, mumbling sounds which, though rather indistinct, resembled prayer. The sight was very picturesque— the poor women in their bright scarlet cloaks, and the old men with their grey hair fluttering in the wind, painfully making their way round the prescribed circle. In the background stood the grand old mountains of Connemara, and the soft rays of the declining sun lighted up the whole.

As each pilgrim or penitent passed a little thorn-bush, just over the well, he or she hung a small piece of colored stuff on its branches, till the whole tree presented something of the appearance of a patchwork quilt, so many and so mixed were the colors which nearly covered it.

One young girl forcibly attracted my attention. Her face was pale, with the calm, resigned look upon it which we sometimes see accompanying the expression of fixed ill health; the large, Irish grey eye shone bright and clear; but a slight, though constant cough told the tale of incipient consumption. She had finished (and with difficulty) the number of rounds assigned to her either as a penance or a means of restoration to health, and now lay panting feebly on the short, green grass. Still, with something like a look of satisfaction on her face, she glanced towards the piece of stuff with which she had decorated the tree, as if feeling that a duty had been performed, and that her devotion to her patron saint had been marked by the piece of red and blue plaid which fluttered in the wind so as to attract his attention and insure his protection.

"You seem tired," I said to the poor girl.

"Oh, yes, sir, but what signifies whether I am tired or not, if the blessed Saint Joseph will look down upon me this day? For it's in honor of him, sir, that I'm afther goin' the round of the well six times."

"And what could he do for you?" I said; "or what do you want from him?"

"I want, sir,—I want first the blessed health that would make the night short and the day bright; and sure I drank of the well for that same rason. And then, sir, I want to do penance for my sins, for sure, sir, we're all sinful craythures, and some way, since I got sick, I feel the sin on me more than ever."

Just then I heard the workmen's dismissal bell ring from an adjoining demesne, and I knew it was time for me to open the evening lecture which I intended to hold in the school house at six o'clock.

I do not think I shall soon forget that meeting. We opened it with the hymn—"Glory to Thee, My God, this night"—and so simple are the words, and so touching the strain to which they were sung, that my audience, composed as it was of untaught Connemara peasants, seemed spell-bound till the voices ceased.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

* This well is now stopped up by a Scotchman; who bought the field in which it was situated.

The Family Circle.

WATCH!

BY ANNA SHIPTON.

"Be sober, be vigilant: because your adversary the devil, as a roaring lion, walketh about, seeking whom he may devour; whom resist, steadfast in the faith."—1 Pet. v. 8.

Keep thy watch, it is daybreak,
Though all seems misty now;
Watch, for a star will guide thee
Afar o'er the mountain brow.
Mean unto men the treasures
Thy labor of love will bring;
But better than gold and jewels
To the heart of thy heavenly King.

Keep thy watch in the morning,
Though the sky seems bright and clear;
A cloud in the west is rising,
A tempest is hovering near,
Thou say'st it is nought, but watch it,
Thou knowest not what it may be;
If thine ears are open to hear it,
It bringeth a message to thee.

Keep thy watch at the noontide,
In the warmth of its fervid glow;
Thou art lost in thy vineyard labor
But a serpent may hide below.
A lion lurks in the thicket,
Thou say'st he is sleeping or dead—
But he waiteth for careless footsteps,
And marketh the path that they tread.

Keep thy watch in the evening,
When the labor of day is done,
For many a poisonous vapor
Will rise with the setting sun.
But watch, for thy Lord is near thee,
As when in the fruitful field,
And lean on the love that leads thee:
He is thy Sun and thy Shield.

Keep thy watch at the midnight,
Mark the stars as they rise;
Listen, and they will tell the
How safe are His promises.
True was His care in the morning,
Safe is the truth of His Word:
Thy Sun and thy Shield in the daytime,
Is at even thy great Reward.

—*The Christian.*

WEDDING PRESENTS.

BY MARY C. BARTLETT.

"Mother! mother!" cried Carrie Sefton, bursting in hastily from school, one day. "Miss Carleton is going to be married to Mr. Horace Bent. Won't you give me some money to help buy her wedding-veil?"

"Help buy her wedding-veil!" repeated her sister Annie, scornfully. "What a ridiculous girl you are, Carrie!"

"Sue Graves told me so, any way."

"Sue Graves doesn't know anything about it. We couldn't raise enough money in the whole school."

"I don't believe 'twould cost so very much," persisted Carrie. "Just a little piece of lace, so."

"It's a large piece of lace, and there are different kinds of lace," explained Annie, patronizingly. "Some are cheap and some are dear. Of course, Miss Carleton would want a nice one. But we're not going to buy a veil at all."

"I should think your taste might be a little doubtful in such a matter," said Mamma, with a smile.

"But we're going to give her something," continued Annie. "We can't decide until we see how much money we get. You will give us some, won't you, mother?"

"We'll see about it."

"Mr. Bent is immensely rich," said Annie, with an important air. Grace Markham says he owns a magnificent house in Chicago, where they are going to live: and Miss Carleton will have everything she wants, always."

"I should think it was hardly necessary to buy a present for a person who is sure of always having everything she wants," laughed Mamma.

"Oh! well, you know people always like to receive presents: and we might give her something that she would never think of herself."

"I think that is quite likely to be the case if you select it yourselves," said Mamma, with another laugh. But she promised the money, and the anxious children were satisfied.

Many were the whispered consultations held by Miss Carleton's scholars about that all-absorbing topic, the present. The girls clustered together in little groups at recess, and sometimes, alas! could not resist the temptation of saying just a word about it during school-hours. The teacher could not fail to perceive that the desire for knowledge was not the all-absorbing passion among her youthful charges, and wondered at first at the almost unanimous desertion of the playground; but, being a quick-witted woman, her keen eyes penetrated the mystery ere the great project was fairly under way.

"I hope it won't be a photograph album or a spoonholder," she said, smilingly, to herself, thinking of the duplicates of each which reposed upon the shelf of her closet at home. "Otherwise, I am resigned."

But there were some children in the school who contributed nothing toward the present. They had all been asked, "just out of politeness," as Grace Markham said; for no money could reasonably be expected from children whose clothes were worn and faded, and who sometimes even had to stay at home from school because "their shoes was out." These children kept aloof from the others, affecting indifference to a project in which they felt that they could have no part. To them it was only another tantalizing evidence of the power of riches; an evidence which was little needed, as alas! most of them were fully convinced of it before.

"I wouldn't give 'em a cent, if I had fifty," said Kate O'Leary, a large girl, with bold, black eyes. "Such a time just because she's going to get married! Such an awful rich man, too! You'd think he owned the whole school-house."

"There's Hannah O'Brien, givin' in her money as big as the rest of 'em," said another girl who was standing near.

"Why shouldn't she? Dennis O'Brien's made a pile of money out of that whiskey-shop of his. I'll tell her so, too, if she comes a-near me."

"I don't care how much they get," said Biddy Carey, with a good-natured smile. "I'd give if I could; but whin I can't I don't cry. Miss Carleton has been a good teacher to me; but she wouldn't find as many coppers as would buy her a dishcloth in all our part."

"Our part" referred to the three rooms which Biddy's father hired of Dennis O'Brien, the liquor-dealer, to pay the rent of which the whole family were obliged to pinch and scrimp in every possible way.

But there was one scholar who watched the proceedings of the contributors with silent interest. She could not add the smallest sum to their amount; but she felt neither indifferent, laughing like Biddy, nor bitter, like scowling Kate. Her inability to give was to her simply a great trial, which she bore courageously, as she had borne many trials before, never dreaming what a heroine she was. When the baby "took sick" with the measles, she had left school and nursed him faithfully. Hardly had she regained her footing in the class when her father "came down with a sickness"; and again her small services were in requisition. Perceiving the handiness and quickness of his little daughter, Mr. Patrick Mackay had conceived the brilliant idea of sending her to live out with Mrs. Sweeney, an acquaintance of his, who wanted a young lass to wait upon the boarders. Here she had lived until discharged, on account of her size, (or, rather, want of size), which, as it was no fault of hers, her father was kind enough to forgive, and had graciously allowed her to go back to school again, to her great delight. But oh, dear! how much the girls had learned while she was away.

"I'm afraid you don't try, Maggie," said Miss Carleton, when she had explained the troublesome process of multiplication for the fifth time.

It was the morning after her return. The other girls had gone. Poor Maggie was "kept in."

"I tried to try," she replied, sadly; "but it gets all mixed up with me. I'm more used to the dishes now. Baby was cross last night an' I sat up late mindin' him, while mother sewed my clothes, to come to-day."

Miss Carleton looked at the patient little face. Then she stooped and kissed the white forehead just above the tired eyes, and bade Maggie go home, and go to bed, the latter part of which injunction being such an unheard-of proposition that it made the child smile pitifully to herself as she left the room.

But Maggie had never forgotten that kiss. When the question of the present was agitated she wished—oh, how much!—that she could add her mite with the rest. Her face was very sober as she told her mother of Miss Carleton's intended departure. "She's to marry a man with no end of money. She'll get everything she wants," said she in conclusion; for the rumors of the almost fabulous wealth of Mr. Bent, at which no one would have been more astonished than that gentleman himself, had reached her ears.

"She'll be gettin' some things she don't want, if she lives long in the world," was the mother's somewhat ungracious rejoinder.

Maggie didn't answer. She took her little kitten in her arms, and a few salt drops fell upon his smooth black fur.

The kitten was a real comfort to Maggie Mackay. She had a way of whispering her troubles into his ear, and since the few equally days succeeding his introduction into the family, she had never found him wanting in sympathy. At first he had been a shy little creature, resisting ungratefully all her efforts to caress him. So very wild was he, in fact, that in a fit of momentary indignation she had christened him "Spitty Crock." The first name for his disposition, the second for his color. As Spitty became accustomed to his new quarters there was a wonderful improvement in his manners: but his name remained unchanged. He was still "Spitty Crock."

As Maggie sat stroking her little favorite, the door opened and Biddy Carey entered.

"They're to give her a picture," said she eagerly. "Grace Markham's mother chose it. There's a frame on it, an' trees an' water. I seen it."

Maggie was silent.

"Whin our ships comes in we'll give her somethin' better nor a picture," laughed Biddy. "I haven't a cent's worth now, nor you neither. Yes, you have, too. You have old Spitty Crock here. He's better nor a hundred pictures." And she pulled his ears and stroked his fur the wrong way, until he put up his back and growled with true feline indignation.

Maggie said not a word. She had caught, half unwillingly, at Biddy's laughing suggestion. Why should not Spitty Crock be an acceptable present to a young housekeeper elect? He was good and playful, and would no doubt be able by and by to do his part in the way of rat and mouse killing, in which his mother was such an adept. He loved everybody—when they didn't tease him. In short, he was just the dearest little kitten in the world. Mrs. Sweeney kept a cat. So did Mrs. Baxter, at the great house where her mother washed. She was almost sure that Miss Carleton would like him; but oh! how could she give up darling little Spitty Crock?

Maggie fought a battle with herself that afternoon, and came off more than conqueror.

When the presentation day arrived great was the commotion among Miss Carleton's pupils. The lady made every effort to preserve an expression of discreet unconsciousness; but found it almost beyond her power. When, however, just before the close of the session, Annie Sefton walked up to the desk with the picture in her hand, and made a neat little speech, which she had carefully learned for the occasion, the teacher's behavior was all that her "loving scholars" could desire.

Nobody missed Maggie Mackay from the group of eager children who crowded round the teacher after school. Nobody saw a little figure enter the building, nearly an hour later, bringing a covered basket in one small, trembling hand. She had waited until she thought the scholars were gone. When she reached the school-room she found Miss Carleton, with bonnet and shawl on, ready for departure. Two great tears were rolling slowly down her cheeks.

"If any one had told me that I should ever cry at the thought of leaving this old room," said she, impatiently, to herself, as she wiped her eyes, "I should never have believed it, *never!*" Then she turned, and saw Maggie standing with the basket in her hand.

"What is this?" she asked, surprised.

"It's Spitty Crock," replied Maggie, lifting the cover a very little, and disclosing a small black head and a pair of frightened green eyes. "I can't let you see him good. He might run away. He's for you, ma'am."

"For me!" said the astonished teacher.

"Yes'm. I hadn't no money to bring for the picture, an' I thought—people keeps cats—an' Spitty's a good cat. He'll catch the rats when he's bigger—an'—he plays beautiful."

Poor little Maggie. Never had she loved Spitty Crock so dearly as at this moment.

"But will you not miss him very much?" asked Miss Carleton.

"There's one in Miss Connell's part," replied Maggie, trying hard to keep back the tears.

"She hath cast in more than they all," repeated the teacher to herself, involuntarily thinking of the widow's mite. She shut the school-room door carefully, and, taking the basket in her hand, began to untie the string that held the cover.

"I must look at my present," said she. "You must introduce us to each other, Maggie."

"Oh! please don't," begged poor Maggie. "He'll know me again, an'—" she stopped suddenly.

"My dear little Maggie," said Miss Carleton, gently, "why do you give your kitten to me, when you love him so?"

"I wanted to," replied Maggie simply. "He'll not plague you much. He likes them that's good to him."

"I shall love him dearly for your sake."

The child looked up gratefully, smiling through her tears.

"But why did you give him such a queer name, Maggie?"

"'Twas because he's so black, an' he used to be cross."

"I shall call him 'Mac,' for you. But if I have the cat, I must have the basket, too." This was the device of a kindly heart for the delicate bestowal of a sum of money, which she put into the child's little red hand.

"Now," she continued, "it is getting late. The best of friends must part, and we must go." She took the small, tear-stained face between her two hands, looking at it for a moment earnestly, with moistening eyes.

"I shall never forget you, my good, *good* little Maggie."

She kissed the trembling lips once, twice, thrice. Then the child turned and left the room, without another word.

When Mr. and Mrs. Horace Bent took their departure for their Western home much curiosity was expressed among their many friends as to the contents of a certain small basket which the lady held carefully in her lap, and which she laughingly insisted that no hand but her own should touch. Their curiosity was not satisfied; but you and I, dear reader, can easily guess the secret. It was the little black kitten Mac, no longer Spitty Crock.

A STRUGGLE FOR APPEARANCES.

"I have tickets for the concert to-night, Annie," said James Henley, coming into the sitting-room, where his wife was working the sewing-machine with a busy whirr.

"Oh, James, how I wish I could go!"

The light died away from the husband's face in a second.

"Wish you could go, Annie! Why, of course you can go."

"I can't, James. I must finish these three dresses before Sunday, and it will take every minute."

"Three dresses?"

"For Jennie, Susan, and Lottie. All the spring things are ready but these dresses."

"But this is only Wednesday."

"I know, James; but look at the work. There are overskirts to each, and ruffles on all the waists. Jennie's has three flounces. All the children in the congregation are well-dressed, James. You cannot afford to put the sewing out, so I must do it."

"Let the children dress more simply, then. Come, Annie, stop that buzz for once, and come to this concert."

"Can't you go?"

"And leave you? I should not enjoy it if I knew you were stitching here. Come."

With a heavy sigh, as if James were exacting a sacrifice instead of giving her a pleasure, Annie left the room, and went to her own apartment to dress for the concert.

All through the evening, while her husband drank in the sweet sounds in which he delighted, Annie, with her face all polite interest, was thinking of the unfinished work.

"Was it not delightful?" James said, as they walked home in the soft spring moonlight.

"Delightful! I am glad I went, James; Mrs. Gordon had on her new spring dress, and her dresses all come from London. The trimming on her basque is quite a new style, and I am sure I can put Jennie's on in the same way."

Sunday morning shone clear and cloudless. Mrs. Henley had put the last stitch into Lottie's dress as the clock struck twelve, and she wakened with a pain in her chest and headache, but a feeling of triumph. Her children would wear their new things, that had cost nothing but the material. Nothing! Mrs. Henley did not estimate the hours spent over the machine, the weariness, the neglect of many little duties. There had been no actual money laid out in dressmaking, so it was clear gain on the material.

Very pretty the children looked when they were ready for church. Jenny and Susan, twins of ten years old, were dressed alike, in delicate pearl color, trimmed with blue, and hats of the newest shape and blue ribbons. Lottie wore cerise color, with cerise trimming, for Lottie was a brunette of seven.

The charges at starting for Sunday-school were—

"Be sure you lift your overskirts when you sit down; don't lean back upon the streamers of your hats, and walk where you will not spoil your light boots. Don't strain your gloves."

"Overdressed, Annie!" remarked Mr. Henley. "Your own dresses are not more elaborate."

"It is the fashion now to cut children's dresses like ladies'. But you ought to be proud of your children, James. Everybody compliments me upon the taste with which I dress them."

"Annie!" Mr. Henley said, suddenly, leading his wife to a mirror, "look at your own face."

"Well," she said, wondering what he could mean.

"Your cheeks are as white as chalk; there is a heavy line under your eyes, and your

whole air is that of a woman worked to death."

"James, what nonsense!"

"It is not nonsense. I wish it was. Five years ago you had the complexion of a child, as clear and rosy as Susan's. Your eyes then were bright, full of animation. You had young children, a house to keep in order, and just half our present income. Yet you could find leisure then for a daily walk, could read in the evening, or sing for me, could enjoy an occasional evening of social pleasure, or some entertainment. I had a wife then."

"James! what do you mean?"

"I mean that, in the place of my happy, healthy wife, I have now a sickly, overworked seamstress. Those dolls that have just gone out have none of the grace of childhood. They are fast becoming little pieces of vanity, all absorbed in their finery. Their under clothing would do for signs in an emporium of linen, with the embroidery, ruffles, and tucks."

"But I do it all myself, James."

"Exactly. You are stitching your life into the garments of your children, who would be far happier, healthier, and better in the simple clothing suited to their years."

"Oh, I am well enough. I am pale to-day because I sat up late last night. But I must dress for church, or we shall be late."

The service passed over Mrs. Henley with but little impression. To her chagrin, the little Goodwins, who had all their dresses direct from London, had an entirely new style of overskirt, that made Jennie, Susan, and Lottie look quite old-fashioned in the eyes of their mother.

Summer came, and the long spring days were spent in preparing a seaside wardrobe for the children, for Mr. Henley, by the advice of his physician, was going to take his wife to the seaside.

The pain in her side had become very troublesome, and there was a little hacking cough that meant wakeful nights. The pale cheeks were seldom tinged with a healthy color, and the eyes were languid and heavy. People spoke pityingly of Mrs. Henley as "quite an invalid," and her husband mourned over the alteration in his wife.

He insisted upon having a physician, who advised fresh air, and exercise, and a tonic. And Annie obediently swallowed the tonic, took a daily walk, and then made up for "lost time" by stitching at night. For were not the Goodwins, the Wilcoxes, and all the leading fashionables of Langton going to the same place where Mr. Henley had taken rooms, and could Jennie, Susan, and Lottie have one inch less ruffling and tucking than they possessed?

He only shrugged his shoulders when his little girls minced along with dainty fine-lady airs, instead of bounding with the freedom of childhood. He bore the steady whirr of the sewing-machine in the evening, instead of the voice or music of his wife.

But when Annie's health began to give way he exercised his authority, and found he had been silent too long.

But, the summer wardrobes completed, the dainty dresses trimmed, the trunks packed, Annie faithfully promised James to rest during the summer sojourn at the seaside. With a sudden consciousness of growing weakness there came to her an appreciation of her husband's love and patience that had been numbed. She began to realize that she had let her ambition for dress overshadow her love for her husband, and that she had wronged him in depriving him of the companionship he had prized so highly.

"I will rest while I am gone, and when I come back, James, I will give my evenings to you as I did when we were first married."

That was her parting promise, never to be exacted. Only a few days of rest were allowed her before an acute attack of lung fever prostrated her. James left his business to hurry to the seaside, a nurse was engaged, and medical skill did its utmost. But the constitution, weakened by confinement and overwork, could not resist the disease, and while the summer days were still in their full beauty Mrs. Henley knew she was dying.

It was a bitter thought. Life held so much that was precious; her kind, loving husband, her beautiful children, her happy home, all these must be left.

"A mysterious dispensation of Providence," said Mrs. Goodwin; "such a good mother. And those children are just the age when they most need a mother's care."

Annie Henley, in the dread hour when she bade farewell to hope, wound her arms around her husband's neck, and sobbed—

"If I had only listened to you, James, I might have been a guide to our children, a companion to you for many years, and when I died have left loving memories instead of a trunk of fine clothing. I have wasted my life."

And James Henley, in his widower's weeds, with his three little girls in sombre black beside him, wonders mournfully how many mothers of the land are wasting their lives in the same struggle for appearance.—*O. J., in Episcopalian.*

WORKING CHILDREN.

"I don't think I ought to work, mother when I go to school;" said a bright-eyed little girl of thirteen, as she stood on the brick floor of the dairy, tingeing the shining milk pans with the rose tints of her fresh calico dress.

"I only ask an hour a day, Mary. I get very tired with both house and farm work, and I cannot get help, you knew," said the weary mother in a sad tone.

"But children never work, mother," said Mary, pettishly.

Mary's mother said no more, but went on scalding milk-pails and pans and turning them up in the sunshine. The little girl took her crocheting and sat down on the cool porch.

If Mary's mother had no word for her, we have; and for every other girl, or boy, who "rests" while a weary mother toils.

"Children never work." Alas, little Mary, you, and all little folks, whose pink dresses and polished skirts come shining from the hand of a mother, little know what some children do in the world.

If such heartless young folks could go to the coal mines and cotton factories of England, they would see children not up to their waists, harnessed into little carts drawing loads like cattle, or standing from day-break till night-fall at looms, till their backs are bowed, and their limbs bent like old men and women, and all this for the privilege of starving in work, rather than out of it.

How we wish the little grumblers had to go over the sea to learn that some children have to work hard, and under stern masters. But alas, they need not go out of our own State to see factory children fainting at their toil and oppressed by task masters, till the Legislature comes to the rescue, and limits the hours of work and demands for them a certain amount of schooling.

This hard working of children is not always the fault of the mill manager. Parents, pressed by poverty, or laziness, which is too often the parent of poverty, sue for work for their children, and sacrifice their health for their own present gain or ease. What, compared to this, is a little help given a smiling mother in a cheerful home?

It is a rare thing to see a child overworked at home, the danger lies in the other direction; the over-indulgent mother in moderate circumstances, too often wears her own life out that her children may enjoy the ease they do not need.

We have heard of boys, and to their shame be it said, who allow their mother to draw water, split wood, make fires, and to do many other things which are really boys' work, while they play croquet, go fishing, ride horseback, or blow their breath through fifes and flutes.

We have heard of girls who let their mother do all the washing, ironing, and other housework, while they embroider sofa pillows, or drum on the piano.

Have such children any hearts?

Remember and pity the children who do "work," and relieve these loving mothers before they are worn out serving you.—*The Watchman.*

WEED EARLY.

Constant repetition of children's pert sayings, notice of their beauty, the placing them in everlasting positions to show off, spoils them as irremediably as thunder spoils milk. As much as we may deplore the sight of a tame child, disciplined out of all sparkle, is the forward little chit who attends late parties, talks wisely of fashions, and is rude to her elders, a pleasanter sight? The ways of half the children we meet are more irritant to good feeling than mustard to raw flesh.

I visited lately a young mother of four bouncing boys. The endless roaring, the constant contention, the frightful confusion in that home would have tortured a Bedlamite. Meal-time was passed in a rain of bread-balls and the interchange of howls. Bed-time was an era of thunder. Early morning was a cannonade of scufflings. At last I ventured to mildly insinuate reform.

"Not for the world," said the parents. "Our children are impulsive and healthy. They shall never be governed. We take them regularly to church, and see that they say their prayers; they will turn out all right."

Perhaps they will, but should not the love we bear our children teach us the folly of allowing them to be nuisances and roysterers, because God in his love may bring them with maturer years to see the folly of their ways? I own a garden, so does my neighbor. In the spring we go forth to weed our beds. He stands with biting shears and watchful eyes, and whenever a dainty green peeps sunward he snips it off. "I will run no danger of weeds," says he; "better no roses than one nettle." In my turn I allow all to come up together, weeds and blossoms, fearful I may destroy a precious flower if I attempt to rid the ground of choking tares. In blossoming time he stands disconsolate before his barren earth heaps, while I mourn knee-deep in tangled disorder. Ah, we have both erred; the result is but the fault of wisdom gone astray.

It takes a Heaven-taught eye to discern the lily from the nettle when both are nascent in the kindly soil. Plant well, weed lovingly and with yearning prayer, and be not discouraged if your grounds seem prolific of bramble. There is more hope of land o'errun with tropical vegetation than that which lies on stony hillsides; and the child, faulty, troublesome, full of madcap ways, will make a nobler man, perhaps, if you weed early, than your quiet humdrum little chap that gives no trouble.—*M. E. Holden, in Christian Union.*

TO-DAY! TO-DAY!

"Well, you speak the truth; and, at a future time, I do intend to be religious; but I must have some more *spree* yet. I must enjoy life a while longer still." So said the youthful, gay, and healthy R———, in reply to serious expostulations which I had been addressing to him. I had spoken to him of the claims of the Creator upon the creatures of His hand—of violations of the law met by the shedding of the Redeemer's blood—of peace with God which faith in Christ secures—of freedom from uneasy, anxious cares, and tormenting, terrifying fears—and of the genuine pleasantness of wisdom's ways. He owned that what had been urged was true: yet still he smiled, and joked, and bid the peaceful message go its way. One concluding word of his, however, fell solemnly on my ear, and deeply affected my spirit. He exclaimed, whilst turning on his heels to leave me—"*But I shall perhaps rue of this.*" My hurried answer, so far as I remember, was, "*Perhaps you will!*" That day was Friday.

I saw him again the next morning. We paced together one of the public walks outside the city. I dealt pwith him earnestly. My sympathies were awakened for him; and I used every argument, and put before him every moving consideration that was within my power at the time. Yet once more he answered me, that at a later period of his life he would attend to these concerns; but that he still meant to have.

"SOME MORE SPREE YET."

That day passed over—a second day followed—a third succeeded—and then, suddenly, the startling question was asked me, "Have you heard how poor R———is to-day?" All that had recently passed between us now rushed upon my mind; and I said with much emotion, "No indeed, what is the matter with him? I have not heard that anything has befallen him." "Have you not?" replied the inquirer; "he is dead, or all but dead of small-pox." On the previous Friday, he joked, and put off serious thought, and purposed future years of jollity and gaiety. On the following morning, during the conversation already mentioned, he had informed me of his having experienced, during the previous night, some symptoms of indisposition. He had even told me that he had had passing suspicions of being threatened with an attack of the small-pox. He was better, however, he said, having used some active remedy; so that not the slightest apprehension had passed through my mind, at the time, of his being in any real danger from that most dangerous disease. I treated him as one in undoubted and vigorous health; and I pressed upon him rather the importance of a well-spent life, than that of being prepared for death. But four or five more setting suns had sunk in the west, ere the small-pox had accomplished its fatal work; and, ere yet another week had fled, the disfigured, lifeless corpse of poor R———had been committed "earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust."

The funeral knell that pealed forth over the remains of poor R———still speaks. It cries to all such as have ears to hear, To-day! To-day! To-morrow is not yours! "Boast not thyself of to-morrow, for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth!". To-day! To-day! "To-day, if you will hear His voice, harden not your hearts."—*Word and Work.*

PATIENT WORK.

Slow and patient work in writing is the kind that tells. Rapid writers are soon forgotten, but those who spend years in careful thought are immortal:

Tennyson was ten years in writing "In Memoriam," Thomas Gray was, in his day, one of the finest scholars in Great Britain, and perhaps unsurpassed in Europe. Very brief is the poem to which he mainly owes his celebrity, and which will keep his memory green and fragrant as long as the English language lasts. It may be read through in five minutes, but Gray was seven years in elaborating it.

But Gray's is no solitary case of scrupulousness in literary work. At the town of Ferrara is still treasured the ancient scraps of paper upon which Ariosto wrote one of his stanzas—the description of a tempest—in sixteen different ways before becoming satisfied with it. The stanza is one of the most celebrated among Ariosto's remains.

Petrarch surpasses this. One of his stanzas he rewrote six-and-forty times, and Tasso's manuscripts so abound in alterations that they are illegible to other people's eyes. Montesquieu once remarked to a friend concerning a particular part of his writings, "You will read it in a few hours, but I asure you that it has cost me so much labor that it has whitened my hair."

Newton, despite his great intellect and huge stores of learning, found within himself patience to write his "Chronology" sixteen times over. Gibbon wrote out his "Autobiography" nine times, and gave twenty years' toil to his "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire."

HOME INFLUENCE.

"Overcome evil with good" is a wiser maxim on which to combat intemperance, than is, "Fight the devil with fire." And it is only necessary to suggest how much better it is to keep men right than to have to reform them, to bring out the importance of home influence in training the young. The subject is a trite one, to be sure. It has been harped on ever since the time of Solomon. And yet there is no short cut to virtuous living. Sumptuary statutes can not supersede the fundamental law that a child "trained up in the way he should go" is a thousandfold more likely to make a temperate citizen than one who has been neglected at home, and entrusted to the artificial restraints of society. The mistake of many earnest reformers has been in attempting to put the State in the place of the parents—society in the province of home. It has been thought more rational to punish liquor-selling than to so train boys that they would not want liquor—a better philosophy to prohibit the supply than to destroy the demand.

For example, farm life has been, in general, left so rude and barren that the young have sought their vocations elsewhere, in the midst of temptations. Home life in towns has been too often conducted without reference to the innate and innocent desire of young folks for recreation; and the boys have drifted out upon the streets, and into saloons and bad companionship, when they might and should have been finding their enjoyment at home. Too-busy fathers and too-weary mothers and too-careless sisters are the ruin of many a promising lad. "You must not!" from the father and "You ought not," from the mother, have been relied on to keep him from evil ways, while he was left to himself for entertainment. And so, instead of playing dominoes with his sister, or cards with his father at home, the boy has learned on a hay-mow, or played over a mug of beer with some mates after "the store" was shut up.

Most lads would prefer a cosy sitting-room at home, where they were at liberty to bring their mates for innocent games, or a social dance, or cheerful music, to a rendezvous in a saloon. But with a home that is all command and no concession, all preaching and no pleasure, all duty and no fun—a dull, tread-mill, old-folks sort of a place—it is a matter for deep regret, but not of wonderment, that the boys drift away from it. Keep hold of your children, if you would save them, parents. And remember that the real forces are those of love, expressed not in care merely, but in sympathy, co-operation, participation, and real companionship.—*Golden Rule.*

CONSISTENCY.

BY MARY B. DODGE.

"'Tis strange how superstitions yet enchain
A priest-bewildered people, heart and brain,"
Said Harry to his chum, a trifle older;
"'Tis strange, 'tis passing strange!"
Just then the moon
Threw softest radiance over Harry's shoulder
Chink went his pocket-change—
"How opportune
This lucky chance," cried he, "to see the light
Of yon fair orb while glancing to the right!"

O, fear the Lord ye His saints: for there is no want to them that fear Him.

Psa. 34: 9.

SCHOLAR'S NOTES.

(From the International Lessons for 1876 by Edwin W. Rice, as issued by American Sunday-School Union.)

CONNECTED HISTORY.—The Book of Ecclesiastes, or "The Preacher," is generally supposed to have been written by Solomon, near the close of his life. Professor Cowles thinks it contains Solomon's warnings against the grand mistakes and sins of his life. It aims, says Fausset, to set forth—(1.) the vanity of earthly things. Chaps. i. to vi. 10. (2.) The excellence of heavenly wisdom. Chaps. vi. 10 to xii.

LESSON XII.

SEPTEMBER 17.]

A GODLY LIFE. [About 977 B. C.]

READ Eccl. xii. 1-14. RECITE vs. 1, 13, 14.

GOLDEN TEXT.—Godliness is profitable unto all things.—1 Tim. iv.: 8.

CENTRAL TRUTH.—"In the way of righteousness is life."

DAILY READINGS.—*M.*—Eccl. xii. 1-14. *T.*—Matt. xix. 13-29. *W.*—Job xiv. 1-22. *Th.*—2 Sam. vii. 18-29. *F.*—Ps. cxxxix. 1-24. *Sa.*—John xv. 1-20. *S.*—2 Peter iii. 1-14.

TO THE SCHOLAR.—It would be well to commit this entire chapter to memory; and as you study it pray that you may follow the wise counsels given in vs. 1, 13.

NOTES.—In the first seven verses of this chapter the preacher uses a number of poetical figures or illustrations to urge the importance of early piety. He then gives his experience, and finally states the duty of man in view of the judgment.

EXPLANATIONS AND QUESTIONS.

Lesson Topics.—(I.) GODLY LIFE BEST FOR THE YOUNG. (II.) GODLY LIFE URGED BY THE EXPERIENCE AND WORDS OF THE PREACHER. (III.) BY THE COMING JUDGMENT.

I. GODLY LIFE BEST FOR THE YOUNG. (1.) **While**, that, or so that; **evil days**, evil will not come to the godly. Prov. xii. 21; Ps. xci 10. (2.) **sun**, etc., a picture of feeble old age. (3.) **house**—that is, man's body, here compared to a house; **grinders**, the teeth: **those that look**, the eyes. (4.) **doors**, probably the lips: **rise up . . . bird**, even a bird singing awakens feeble old persons; **daughters**, the sound of "grinding" in this verse may refer to dulness of hearing, and "music" to loss of voice in the aged. (5.) **almond tree**, white hairs of the aged, compared to the flowering of the almond tree; **grasshopper . . . burden**, so feeble are the aged: **long home**, "eternal home."—(*T. Lewis.*) (6.) **silver cord**, as we say "thread of life;" **golden bowl**, means a vessel for holding oil, as a lamp; **wheel**, which raises the bucket. (7.) **dust return** (Gen. iii. 19), feebleness of age and nearness of death urge to youthful piety.

I. Questions.—Give the title of this lesson. From what book of the Bible is it taken? Who is supposed to have written this book? When? Who is to be remembered? When? What is meant here by "remember"? What reasons are given in the first verse for this? In the second? To what is man compared in v. 3? Explain what is meant by "keepers." "Grinders." State the meaning of v. 4. Of v. 5. Of v. 6. What does each of these aim to impress? How are they explained in v. 7?

II. GODLY LIFE URGED BY THE EXPERIENCE AND WORDS OF THE PREACHER. (8.) **Vanity**, fleeting, quickly passing away. (9.) **proverbs**, as in last five lessons. (10.) **acceptable**, pleasant, agreeable (Ps. xix. 10); **upright**, correct, true. (11.) **goads**, to urge us to duty; **nails fastened**, as we say "the speaker hit the nail." (12.) **admonished**, warned, counselled; **many books**, or "many chapters."—(*T. Lewis.*)

II. Questions.—What is said of all earthly things in v. 8? How had the preacher taught the people? Why? Of what use are the words of the wise? How are they spoken of in v. 11? State the two warnings of v. 12. What do they teach us?

III. BY THE COMING JUDGMENT. (13.) **conclusion**, the sum of all these teachings; **Fear God** (Deut. x. 12; Rev. xiv. 7); **whole . . . man**, "all of man."—(*T. Lewis.*) Matt. xvi. 26. (14.) **into judgment**. See Acts xvii. 31; Rom. xiv. 10; 2 Cor. v. 10; Rev. xx. 12.

III. Questions.—What is the sum of all these teachings? v. 13. What is the first reason given for fearing God? The second reason? What did Jesus say of the end of the wicked and the righteous? See Matt. xxv. 46. How may we be prepared to meet such a judgment in peace? Recite the "Golden Text."

Illustrations.—*At the judgment day*, Judas would restore his bribes; Esau cast up his pottage; Achan cast down his gold: Gehazi refuse his gifts; Balaam would be faithful, and the prodigal a true son; Herod may wish he were John the Baptist; Pharaoh that he were Moses; Saul that he were David; Haman that he were Mordecai; Nebuchadnezzar that he were Daniel, and Pilate that he were the penitent thief.—(*Henry Smith.*)

Godliness—Some angel guide my pencil while I draw
What nothing less than angel can exceed,—
A man on earth devoted to the skies; . . .
All the black cares and tumults of this life,
Like harmless thunders breaking at his feet,
Excite his piety, not impair his peace.
. . . Where they
Behold a sun he spies a Deity;
What makes them only smile makes him adore;
Where they see mountains he but atoms sees.
An empire in his balance weighs a grain.
They things terrestrial worship as divine;
His hopes immortal blow them by as dust
That dims his sight.—(*Edward Young.*)

LESSON XIII.

SEPTEMBER 24.]

REVIEW.

GOLDEN TEXT.—Keep thy heart with all diligence; for out of it are the issues of life.—Prov. iv.: 23.

CENTRAL TRUTH.—"Godliness hath the promise of this life, and the life to come."

DAILY READINGS.—*M.*—Prov. iv. 1-27. *T.*—2 Chron. i. 1-17. *W.*—1 Kings viii. 5-30. *Th.*—1 Kings x. 1-29. *F.*—Prov. vi. 6-22. *Sa.*—Prov. xxiii. 29-35. *S.*—Eccl. xii. 1-14.

TO THE SCHOLAR.—The life of Solomon is worthy of careful study, and may teach us the safety of a soul when pious and obedient to God, and the danger to the same soul when prosperity, riches, and great honor lead to forgetfulness of God and to idolatry. Only a life of continued godliness is the life of safety.

Plan of Review.—(I.) SOLOMON'S PIETY. Lessons I. to IV.—(II.) SOLOMON'S WISDOM. Lessons VI. to IX.—(III.) THE LESSONS OF EXPERIENCE. Lessons X. to XII.

I. Questions.—With whose death did our last lesson in the Old Testament close? State five chief events in David's life which followed Absalom's death. Who tried to succeed David? How? 1 Kings i. 5-10. Who was told of his plan? To whom did Bathsheba take the news? What order did David give? 1 Kings i. 32-34. Who succeeded David as king? Whom did he charge Solomon to obey? How? What was he to build?

When he was king, where did Solomon go to worship? Who went with him? Who appeared to him at Gibeon? What offer was made to Solomon? What did he choose? What answer did he gain? Why did he get more than he asked for?

When did Solomon begin to build the temple? How many years was he in building it? Who gave him the plan of it? With what was the most holy place overlaid? About how much gold is he supposed to have used on the temple? What pillars did he put up? Give the meaning of their names

What sacrifices were offered at the dedication of the temple? Where was the ark placed? By whom? What was in the ark? What filled the house as the priests came out of the holy place? How did Solomon explain it? 1 Kings viii. 12, 13. What facts did Solomon mention at the dedication? See Lesson IV.

Who offered the prayer at the dedication of the temple? Who were present? What did he say of God's faithfulness? What did he ask for the temple? 1 Kings viii. 29. What for the people? 1 Kings viii. 30.

II. Questions.—State the title of Lesson VI. The name of the queen who came to visit him. The object of her visit. The presents she brought. The things she saw. How her questions were answered. What she thought of Solomon's wisdom. What did she say of his servants? What is said of the value and preciousness of her presents?

Give the title of Lesson VII. The book from which it is taken. Why so called? Who is said to speak in this lesson? Where? To whom? Why did she warn them? Of what? How would they be punished? Who would be safe from evil?

Give the title of Lesson VIII. To whom addressed? State what Wisdom offered. How is the Lord to be honored? What reward is promised for this? Whom does the Lord correct? What is better than fine gold? Why?

State the title of Lesson IX. To whom addressed? From what animal is he to learn industry? State some of the sins to which idleness leads. The seven things the Lord hates. The joy of doing right.

III. Questions.—What sin does Lesson X. point out? What are some of its effects? Its final effect? To what sins may it lead? To what dangers? How are these described? How is the power of this habit spoke of in the lesson?

Give the title of Lesson XI. Who spoke these words? Prov. xxxi. 1. By whom were they taught to the king? What is said of the value of such a woman? State the four things which should make her husband love her. The eight things which show her industry. How she cares for the poor. For her household. How her husband is known in public. Her reward.

Give the title of Lesson XII. The book from which it is taken. The "Golden Text." State what the first seven verses of the lesson describe. How many illustrations are used in them? For what purpose? What lesson do they teach us? State the preacher's conclusion. Why is it wise to fear God? What reason does the preacher give? When will God so judge every person? Who only will be free from guilt? Why free?

Here have we no continuing city.

HEB. 13. 14.

THRIFT.

Mr. Smiles' book is full of illustrations of thrift. If it seems to bear upon a class, that is due to peculiar conditions. The lesson need not be confined to them. The principle is the very simple one that wanting things is not civilization, but the thoughtful effort to obtain them of which thrift is the basis. A boy wanting a college education will work what seems to his mates a miracle. Anybody can tell you that it costs from $1,600 to $4,000 to go through college, and yet there are hundreds of boys going through college now on nothing whatever. That is to say, they work their way through by combining industry with close living. A pampered clerk receives two thousand dollars, lives in debt, and complains that he cannot marry, while there are thousands of young women far above him in culture, refinement, and sagacity saving money out of one-third of his wages, and living quite as well as he does, too. "Needless self-indulgence," is the great foe of thrift and the great cause of many human miseries, especially of all that class of sorrows that arise from unexpected poverty. No man is guiltless who exposes his own young children to the of dangers pauperism or dependence upon uncertain charity.

The independence of Englishmen of the middle classes is a direct result of habits of thrift. "Passing rich at forty pounds a year" was Goldsmith's curate; and though that is no longer true of curates, yet at twice forty pounds a year many an Englishman knows the luxury of perfect self-reliance. Among ourselves the small farmer is the corresponding person. Less cultured himself, he still sends his sons to college, educates and dresses his girls in good taste, and lays up a little money. He is, under God, lord of himself, and his self-possession is worth struggling for. It is the very foundation of manliness, and a man can scarcely begin to be a Christian until he enters the school of thrift.

Prove all things; hold fast that which is good.

THES. 5, 21.

RENEW.—As a large number of subscriptions are constantly falling due, we hope our friends will not neglect to renew promptly, and thus prevent their papers from being discontinued. We have no travelling agents, consequently the work of increasing our subscription list will devolve as heretofore upon our numerous friends throughout the country. DAILY WITNESS, $3; TRI-WEEKLY, $2; WEEKLY, $1.10; DOMINION MONTHLY, $1.50; MESSENGER, 80c.; per annum. These amounts include postage. Registered letters are at our risk.

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—Although the winter is the best time to get subscribers for any paper, there are many of the MESSENGER'S young friends who can do some work for it in the summer time. When they pay their visits to their friends, or their friends visit them, they may find an opportunity of showing their paper, and perhaps if taken through their influence it may in after days be found that the consequences of their deed has been good and lasting. It will require seven thousand more new subscribers to make the circulation sixty thousand, the number asked for, by the beginning of the fall and winter campaign, about two months from now. Shall we have them?

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